DIVINE POEMS.

BY

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Epist. ad 1 Cor. C. 3. V. 18.

Μηδεὶς ἑαυτὸν ἐξαπατάτω· εἴ τις δοκεῖ σοφὸς εἶναι ἐν ὑμῖν ἐν τῷ αἰῶνι τούτῳ, μωρὸς γενέσθω, ἵνα γένηται σοφός.

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M DC L IX.

DIVINE POEMS.

TO THE READER.

READER,

DO not expect to have an account why I set forth these Poems again: If thou shalt like them, thou wilt not doubt but I had Reason sufficient to make them as publike as I could: If thou art one of those Vain Fellowes that scorn and deride them: to tell thee the reason I had for it, would be no other then to talk of

Colours *to a* Blinde Man, *or of* Sounds *to one that is* Deaf. *If any man wonder that I thus incurr the Censures of People, let him know, That if my Heart do not strangely deceive me, I would rather expose my self to the continual* Aspersions *of the* Foulest Mouths, *or be in danger of* Death *it self, then neglect any Opportunity of doing* God *such service, as I doubt not but I shall by my further Publication of these my Un-worldly, and most* Retir'd Imaginations: *which, being composed in* Meetre, *will (I suppose) suite the better with the* Genius *of some, and be the apter to* insinuate, *and work themselves deep into the* Memories *of* all *that read them. And now Reader, if thou bee'st a* CHRISTIAN *indeed, I shall in-*

treat thee by all the Love that thou owest to Him that was CRUCIFIED *for thy sake, that thou wouldst Oppose with all thy Might, that Vain Spirit of* Foolish Talking *and* Writing, *which is gone abroad into the World to the great Dishonor of* HIS *Name; who has told us, that we shall give an account of* every idle word. *And here I cannot but* Exclaim *aloud (to Thee and all True* CHRISTIANS) *against some of Mr.* COWLEY's *Verses; particularly that Part of his Book, which hee entitles* THE MISTRESS; *in which there are several Expressions so provoking to* Speculative Lust *and* uncleanness, *that I can't conceive how a* CHRISTIAN, *that casts his Eye on them, can think otherwise, then that the* Author

did

did either Forget that There is a GOD, or that 'tis Sinful *to be* Lascivious. *What* Prophaneness *also is this* Author *guilty of, who uses these* Sacred *Words, HEAVEN, DEITY, DIVINE PRESENCE, FAITH,* &c. *to set forth his* Dissolute, Amorous *Conceptions: Let any man of Common Reason judge whether the Mindes of any Readers* Vitiously inclin'd, (*and such surely are all those that delight in those* POEMS) *be not as apt to be wholly* Debauch't, *and* Corrupted, *by a Work of this Nature, as those mens* Bodies *are to* take Infection, *when they are amongst* sick folke, *who are already* dispos'd *to the* Disease. *Alas! alas! Are not men apt enough of themselves to be* Vain *in their* imaginations! *Must the* Froath

and

and Vanity of Wanton Mindes bee wrought up, and increaſed by the Wit and Studies of ſuch Learned Perſons; and thoſe owning the Name of CHRISTIANS! O Tempora! O Mores! I know very well what an Heavy Burthen of Anger and Hatred I am like to Undergo for Writing thus againſt a Book ſo generally Applauded: But, whilſt I Depend upon GOD, as I hope I ſhall ever do, I ſhall not ſink under it. Whenever I am Rail'd on, if I Hear not of it, 'tis Nothing to Me; if I do, 'tis the Object of My Patience, the Exerciſe whereof is the Delight of My Soul. As for ſuch Cenſures as Theſe, That if Envy Mr. COWLEY the Great Name Hee has of a POET, &c. My Anſwer is, I am ſo far from endeavour-

endeavouring to Detract from His Personal Reputation, that I shall openly confess, I should be more Impudent indeed, then many Virulent Tongues have Pronounced me, if I should not Acknowledge Him to be one of the most Learned, and Ingenious Persons, that ever I knew to have Written an English Verse. For my part, I confess, I had never the True Art of Poetry; I had once some Inclination towards it; which for want of Use, I have now lost. As for those few Verses I have Printed, I have still the same Opinion of most of them, that I had at first: but some EPIGRAMS (I confess) I finde upon serious Consideration to be such (as to the Matter, with the Expression) that if any man Vpbraid mee with them,

them, I ſhall be ready to ſay,

-----Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, &c.

Reader, Farewell: And Looke narrowly *into what thou readeſt in theſe enſuing Leaves; which if thou doſt, I doubt not but thou wilt find the Author ſuch a one, as neither Courts thy* Applauſe, *nor Fears thy* Cenſures.

Man that is born of a Woman, is of few dayes, and full of trouble, Job 14.1.

1.

OUR Time's ſtill *Flying*: and we all make haſt
To Live our laſt.
We Come into the World to See't; and then
Go out agen.

We are born *Crying*, and we ſpend our Breath
In *Sighs* till Death.

Our Life is but a *Toyle*: ere we can Trie
What courſe of Life is beſt, 'tis time to Die.

2.

The Merchant waſts himſelf with fretting Cares;
With Hopes and Feares:

And when his Baggs are fill'd, his *Laſt Day* comes;
He leaves his Summes.

When he would joy in what his Pains have got,
Straight he is not.

By all the Care wherein his Life is ſpent,
Perhaps he gets a *Coſtly Monument*.

3.

The Scholar bends his Curious Thoughts to find
What is the *Minde*

He ſtudies to Know *Good*, but ſeldome Does
The *Good* he Knowes.

Some *winding up* their wit to an High Straine,
Have crackt their Braine.

He that's moſt Learned, onely comes to this,
To Know at laſt how Ignorant he is.

4.

The Ranting Gallant weares out Time and Cloathes,
To learn New Oathes:

He ſcorns to take *Affron's*, but thinks it Brave
To be *Hell's* Slave.

The Coontrey Farmer's thinking night and day
Of *Corn* and *Hay*.

But *Hawkes* and *Houndes* are for the better ſort,
Who *loſe* their Time in Seeking of their Sport.

5.

In ev'ry Action, whatſoe're it is,
Something's amiſs.

We

We ne're observe a *Mean*: we *Run* and *Sweat*,
Or can't get *Heat*.

Some *Bitterness* still interrupts our Joyes,
Or Too much *Cloyes*.

Our Choicest Comforts are *inlay'd* with Fears;
And all our Pleasures Sprinkled o're with *Tears*.

6.

Amid'st this *Trouble* here's My Hope, that I
Shall shortly Die.

Our Time *Ore-cast* with Sorrow soon Decaies,
Like *Winter-Dayes*.

W'are Pilgrims here on Earth: This is our VVay,
No Place of Stay.

The VVay's unpleasant: Come, Death, be My Friend;
And bring Me quickly to My *Journey's-End*.

****

Preparation to the H. Communion.

1.

FArewell *Beloved Sins*: I must be gone:
Nay, hold! I must!
Ah! how I Sigh, and Sob, and moane,
To leave each Lust!

I must not *Live so Loose*, as heretofore:
My *Father* Sayes that I shall *Play* no more.

2. He

2.

He that made *Wine*, and *Corne*, would have us Dine
With Him to day:

Where we shall See our Soul's SUN *shine*;
And hear Him Say,

Here take my *Flesh* and *Blood*; come *Drink* and *Eate*:
To get You BREAD what *Drops* once did I *Sweate*?

3.

But, oh Dear JESU, All my *Raiment's* torn,
I dare not Come:

My Feet I have defil'd this Morn;
They'l *Foul* thy Roome.

But Thee, LORD, I'le *put on*: So Thou shalt be
The *Wedding-Garment*, *Bridegroome*, *Feast* to Me.

That which I do, I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I, Rom. 7. 15.

1.

MY *Mind* keeps out the Host of SIN,
Sense lets 'em in:

I'th' *Phant'sie*, as i'th' *Trojan Horse*,
They Hide their *Force*,

Till

Till Opportunity they find
To *Sally*, and Subdue the Mind.

2.

My *Childish* Soul oft *Cries* for what
It straight doth Hate.

My *Lusts*, which Reason should Controul,
War 'gainst my *Soul*;

And having got the Victory,
Bring me into Captivity. Rom. 7. 23.

3.

My Love *against My Will* is hurl'd
Upon the World:

I See not *in the Dark*, I Know
Not what I Do,

When *Sin* befets me, so *befool'd*,
I hate to do even *what I would.*

4.

O when shall my lost Soul Obtain
Her Selfe again?

To Act Her own Hate, and Desire!
O Sacred FIRE!

Refine My Heart, and that it be
Kept *Pure*, O LORD, I give it Thee.

THE

The SOUL's Lethargy,

Or,

No Sense of SIN.

1.

MY Soul Sin-smitten feels no Blow! Struck down
She's in a *Swoun!*

Thus wrong'd, She can't Complain!
She lies *Astonied*, can't Call on
The GOD of Her *Salvation*,
To help her up again.

2.

I'm *Sick* because I have no *Pain*: My Sore,
That's now *Skinn'd* ore,

Will *Putrify*, I fear:
My Soul hath lost Her *Vital Heat*,
True *Zeal*: Her *Pulse* gives ore to *Beat*,
As if her *Death* were near.

3.

Mine Eyes are ope to *Weep*, not *See*: My Mind
Untrane'd I find,

Pierc'd with a *Fiery Dart*!
Ah! now I am Awak't again,

My

My *Senſe* ſerves but to *feel* my Pain:
Freſh Sorrow gripes my Heart.

4.

Lo! Gracious JESU! lo! How *Sick* am I!
How like to *Die*!
Maim'd by the Hoſt of *Hell*!
Let but the *Prince of Darkneſs* Flye
Before the Luſtre of Thine Eye;
I'le View Thee, and be well.

Her Houſe is the way to Hell, leading down to the Chambers of Death, Prov. 7. 27.

HER Houſe is the (next) way to Hell,
Satan's *Strong-Hold*: the Furies *Cell*.
There's Venom in her Sweeteſt Breath:
Her Tempting Hair's the *Snare of Death*.
The Flaming Beauty of Her Eyes
Is but the Devil's *Sacrifice*.
Her looks are *Gaudy*, but not *Fine*:
Her Cleareſt Beauties *Blaze*, not *Shine*.
O go not after her! Refrain
From ſeeking that whoſe Loſs is Gain.
Vain Joyes, like Shades, Fly, when *Embrac'd*:
Such *Paint*, when *Touch't*, is ſtraight *Defac'd*.
Such *Sweets* of Love let me Decline,
They are but *Poyſon* Drunk in *Wine*.
Luſts ſparkling Flame, to *Wild-Fire* turns;
Such Boiſtrous Heat warms not, but *Burns*.
Beware the *Siren* when She *Sings*:
Bees full of *Honey* have their *Stings*.

CHRIST's *Death.*

1.

THis day Preſt with our Sins, the MOST HIGH *Fell.*
Leaſt he ſhould *Feed on Us*, Chriſt *Satiates* Death
With his own *Blood*: Quenching the Flames of *Hell*,
Enkindled by the *Fire* of's Fathers Wrath.
To make Atonement for our Sins GOD Dies:
Our Jeſus is GOD, Prieſt, and Sacrifice.

2.

Lo, how the haſty Jews cry *Crucifie*!
Lo, how they judge the *Holy One* to Death!
Whoſe Attribute is *Immortality*!
Lo, how they murther Him who gave them Breath:
The *King of Glory* ſuffers *Shame*; and He
That Made the World is *Hang'd* upon a *Tree*.

3.

Lo, how they Naile unto the Croſs His HANDS!
Who *Spans the Heavens*! how his Feet they Pierce,
Who over *Hell* and *Death* Triumphant ſtands:
Whoſe boundleſs *Preſence* fills the *Univerſe*!
How the ALMIGHTY ev'ry Varlet ſcorns,
Lo, He by whom *Kings Reign*, is Crown'd with *Thorns*.

4.

And now the Souldier with his Cruel Spear
Dares Pierce the Side of the beſt *Prince of Peace*:
His Torments are ſo great as *Man* can bear,
The Angry *God-head* will not make them leſs:

When

When he thought that *stood off*, Grief fill'd his Heart:
Curst Sin! for which GOD and CHRIST seem'd to Part!

5.

He *Bow'd his head*, on which so Heavy lay
The Sins of *Adam*, and all *Adam*'s Seed;
Which by his *Death* He did *Revive* this Day;
To heal our wounded Souls his Limbs did *Bleed*.
Lord, I believe, let me partaker be
Of Thy Deaths Power, that I may Live to Thee.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

1.

OUR LORD is Risen; and the Powerful Grave
Holds him no longer; He hath made his way
Even through the *Gates of Death*, that He might save
His Heav'nly Flesh from turning into Clay.
The *Grave* knew not whom he had taken; when
He saw who 'twas, he let Him out agen.

2.

Upon this Day the SUN's Creator *Rose*,
And the Eternal LIFE came from the Dead:
He that made Ours, did His blest Eyes Unclose,
And saw the Place where his own Corps were lay'd.
Death *Conquer'd* thus, He lay'd his *Grave-Cloaths* by,
As *Trophees* of his Signal *Victory*.

3.

I know not whether may more ſtrange be thought,
For GOD to Die, or MAN to *Riſe again:*
Our Holy JESUS made both True: He Fought
The *Lion* Death even in the Grave, his *Den.*
And thus he Enter'd the Strong Bounds of *Fate,*
Not as *Led Captive,* but to *Captivate.*

4.

The *King of Terrors* now has loſt his Power,
And is become a Servant unto all,
Who will but imitate their SAVIOUR,
Who made a *Triumph* of his *Funerall.*
And now Hee's up, me thinks I hear him Say
To all that Die in Him, *Riſe, come away.*

Chriſt's ASCENTION.

1.

WHo on the *Water* Walk't, now Climbs the *Air;*
And without *Dying,* thus He *goes to Heaven:*
Although His Habitation now be there,
Yet we on *Earth* are not of Him bereaven.
He's like thoſe *Lights* which in the Skies appear,
Though there His *Body* be, His *Raies* are here.

2.

Now He's *Aſcended up on high,* lo, He
Gives us His Hand that we may get up too:
By Him our *Strength,* we WValk, our *Light,* we ſee:
He makes us Able, Shews us what to Do.

To

To Heaven Hee's gone for us there to Provide,
Bleſt they whoſe GOD's their *Harbinger*, and *Guide*.

3.

Look up, My Soul, (and with bleſt *STEPHEN*) See
Thy *JESUS Standing on th' right hand of God.*
And then think Earth too meane a Place for thee,
VVhom He Redeem'd with his moſt pretious Blood,
Sweet *JESU*, Thou vvaſt pleas'd to *Buy* me, Come,
(I'm not the *World's* but *Thine*) and Fetch Me *Home*.

The Loyns of the Minde Girded:
or
An Holy Vow.

T*Here is a GOD*! My Soul, how durſt thou Stray!
Thou'lt *Meet* His Vengeance if thou go this way!
Return! *Return*! lo, this *Path* ſeems too *Broad*:
Here *Many* goe: the VVay to Heaven's no *Road*.
My Soule, put on thy *Garments*: *Gird* them faſt:
'Twill make thee *Comely*, thus to go *Straight-lac't*.
And now I am *Reſolv'd*: in ſpight of *Hell*,
And my *Falſe Heart*, I'le ſtill ſtrive to Do well.
In all my *Warfare* I'le *Hold faſt* My *SHIELD*.
Then Satan Do thy worſt, Ile win the Field.

Sinfu

Sinful Dreams.

1.

THE *Prince of Darkness* loves to Fight
Our Souls by *Night*.
That Black *Old Serpent* often Creeps
Ore one that Sleeps:
As Vipers often Crawle upon
Men Sleeping in the Shade at Noon.

2.

SIN (like a *Thiefe*) comes in by Day
Some secret way,
And Lurks (Hid from True Reasons's Eye)
I'th' Phantasie,
'Till Sleep makes Us secure and quiet,
Then breaks forth, and Commits the Riot.
Come, My Dear GOD, and Lodge thou in My Breast,
That when My Body *Sleeps*, My Soul may Rest.

The BACKSLIDERS Recantation;

Or,

A *Farewel to the World.*

1:

FAlse-hearted *World* farewel! go to! I find
Thee too unkind:
I took

I took thee for a Friend, did love to Play
With thee all day:
But thou didſt *cog the Dice*: I (to my ſhame)
Loſt every Game:
Thy *Stakes* were Pleaſures, and deceitful Toys:
Mine were *True-coine*, *full weight*, large, Solid Joys.

2.

Now thou haſt got all that I had, I ſee,
Thou ſlighteſt mee.
Thou waſt wont to embrace me kindly; and
Give me thy Hand,
With many promiſes of Love, but Lo!
Thou art my Fo!
Though all my Serious Thoughts (good Company)
(Fool that I was!) I left to follow Thee.

3.

But I'le Return to Them again: I'le rome
No more from *Home*:
The Mind that *Staies within* ſhall ne're complain
Of *Wind* or *Rain*,
Of Care or Grief: for *Storms* ſhake onely Breaſts
That ſeek their Reſts
Without doors, where is nought but Toile; as though
To be kept warm, they'de lie on *Beds* of *Snow*.

4.

Great God! I leave the *World*, and come To Thee:
Open to Mee.
I *Knock*! O let me *Find* thy *Throne of Grace*,
I *Seek* thy Face!

I'le

I'le *Dye* to ſin, put off My ſelf, and then
Be *Born again.*
Chriſt's *Bloud* ſhall be my *Life:* The WORD (that can
Call up the Dead) is *Breath* to the *New Man.*

I am a ſinful Man!

1.

BAd Thoughts, like Swarms of *Flyes* infeſt
My *Corrupt* Breſt!
Each *Op'ning* of my heart lets in
Some *Treach'rous* Sin!
My beſt *Intents* are Pale, and wan
Like the *Old Man!*
And thus my wretched Mind is ſtill
Remiſs to Good, or *Bent* to Ill.

2.

Theſe are my *Hidden Sins:* but oh!
They quickly grow
To *Outward Acts:* Vain Words and Deeds
Spring from theſe *Seeds.*
VVith theſe *Materia's* Satan tries
To *Build* up *Vice.*
VVhich is the *Storehouſe* of all Sin:
Our Adverſaries Magazine.

3.

Pluck out the Serpent ere it *Wind*
Into thy Mind:

A Vitious Temper's Sin, all ore
A *Putrid* Sore;
From which, Streams of *Corruption*
Do daylie Run:

Phyſician ſearch my Heart, and ſee
What Kind of *Sore* thus troubles Mee.

4.

All my Diſeaſes, *LORD*, diſcry:
Thy Bleſſed Eye
Heals all thou Com'ſt to See; whoſe *Beams*
Will dry the Streams
Of theſe *Ill Humours*, and diſpell
The Miſts of Hell:

The Dark Fumes of all Fond Deſires,
Smoak riſing up from *Luſtfull Fires*.

5.

I muſt confeſs, I have long bin
The *Slave* of *Sin*.
But *Righteous Judge* now ſet me *Free*,
And Ile *Serve* Thee:
I have *Rebell'd*, I have withſtood
My King my God!

But *LORD* that *Bill*, which *Juſtice* brings to thee,
Blot with the *Blood* which thou didſt ſhed for mee.

A *Foule Morning*;
or,
The Young Converts Doubts, &c.

Help thou mine Unbelief. Mark 9.24.

HElp Master of my Faith! I'm forc'd to Winke
At this Bright Truth! in these great Depths I Sink!
O! 'tis beyond my reach, I cannot Tread:
Nor can I *Swimme* unless thou *Hold my Head*!
My Reason's at a *stand*! Thus are *Thy Wayes*
Past finding out! How *Dazling* are Thy *Rayes*
(O *SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS*) to Humane Sight?
Like Thy Great Convert, I can't *See* for *Light*!
Thou *Shin'dst* about me, and I straight was *Blinde*!
On Thee I thought, and straight I lost my Minde!
Stretcht out to compass Thy Vast Truths, it broke!
My *Hot Zeal Flasht*, and so it turn'd to *Smoke*!
My Joyes are chang'd to *Doubts* and *Fears*, which roul
Like stormy Billowes in my *Wav'ring* Soul!
Shine forth my SUN! amidst these *Showers* of Tears,
Let thy *Clear* Beams pierce through these *Clouds* of Fears!
Shew me Thy *Hidden Manna*! *Angels Food*!
I long to *Tast* and *See* that thou art Good?
I'm Come to See Thee LORD, though Vile, and Poor,
O let me in! Ile die else at thy Door!

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

ARs Magni Sceleris *Gradus requirit*:
Hujus nec citò fit Magister Artis.
Tardè provehitur Nefas, *Malorum*
Quicquid Ponderibus *suis gravatur*.

A. N.

ANGUIS Tartarei Propago repit,
Nè vellet rapidos movere gressus.
Nè Mentem vitio excitet * Stupentem
Sic Lentè Sceleris Venena Perunnt
Humanas Animas: Premuntq; lasas
Crudis Vulneribus, *Leves dolores.*

GReat Sins don't *Leap*, but *Creep* into the Heart:
No man can ſtraight be Maſter o' th' *Black Art.*
Thoſe Evills go on *Slowly* to their Height,
Which carry with them a more Pondrous *weight*,
Th' *Old Serpent's* off-ſpring never uſe to *Run*,
Temptations come on Softly: Men ſhould ſhun
Their *Fierce* Approach. Thus Vice *Soul-poyſon's* known
Seldome to have quick *Operation.*
Thus as in *Body*, ſo in *Mind* tis true;
The *Grief's* but little, whilſt the *Wound* is *New.*

Interioris Hominis Suſpiria.

Video aliam legem in Membris meis, &c.

ME *Miſerum? Variis torquentur Pectora Votis:*
Diſtrahit Affectus Lex *ea* Dupla *meos!*
Sic Diviſa *capit* geminum *Mens ægra Dolorem*
Lex *poſcit* pœnas *ut ægq; laſa ſuas!*
Servulus *infœlix Peccati* Vapulo Flagris
(*Heu miſeri!*) *Infeſtis* Oſcula *ſæpe dedi.*
Scilicet ingratum temerè ſinus accipit ANGUEM:
Auro *ſplendenti nigra* Venena bibo:
Deliciis Premor ipſe meis: ſceleriſque nefandi
(*Blandulus hic* Ignis!) Lambit & Urit *amor!*
Ehen! Captivum *mea me* trahit *uſq;* voluptas!
Excruciant animum Gaudia prava meum!
Hoſtis & ipſe mihi, Victus, Captuſq; Triumpho
Ingemit at ſpoliis mens mea ſana ſuis!

Vulnera *tot paſſus mea* Vulnera *reſpice* JESU?
Ut mea ſanentur, Tu Mihi redde Tua!
Corda Tuo *munde* proprio *fœdata* Cruore!
Tu mihi da Pacem, *Mi Deus, ipſe tuam!*

I ſee another Law in my members, warring againſt the Law of my mind, &c. Rom. 7. 23.

VVRetch that I am! My Wiſhes are my Pain,
Two *Laws* ſo different rend my Heart in twain!
My Heart *Divided Bleeds* in either part!
Offending either *Law* I'm ſure to *Smart*!
Inſlav'd to ſin I'm forc'd to bear this Yoke,
I *Kiſs the Rod* ev'n whilſt I feel the *ſtroak*!
Th' ungrateful SERPENT in my breſt I warm!
How I quaff Poyſon! and embrace my harm!
My *Pleaſure* is my *Trouble*; and the *Heat*
Of Fond Deſire what is't but a *cold Sweat*?
Alas! I'm taken with the baits of SIN!
Thoſe *corrupt* joys but feed the *Worm* within!
I *Triumph* when my heart me *Priſ'ner* takes:
My mind is griev'd thus at the *ſpoile* it makes!
O JESU! for me *wounded*, ſee My Wound!
Give me thy *Bruiſes* that I may be *ſound*!
With thy *Blood* waſh my *Heart* in *Bloud Imbrude*!
Give me that *Peace* which may this *War* conclude!

Wherewithall ſhall a young man cleanſe his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy Word, Pſal. 119. 9

HArken young men, and here you may
Find out a clean and ſafer Way. If

If you go there, *Fall* ſure you will:
For *Filthy* ways are *Slipp'ry* ſtill.
Be but *School*'d by God's *Law*, and then
You'l nere Run in the *Dirt* agen:
You'l *Waſh* your *Garments* in the *Blood*
O'th' *Prince of Peace*, the *Lamb of God.*
Out of this *Wilderneſs* of Sin
Theſe *Crooked ways*, which now y' are in,
Gods Word, that *Fiery Pillar* can,
If Follow'd, lead to *Canaan.*
This is the *Star*, which in the *Night*
Of Sin and Death, will give you *Light*:
Tis onely This, Young men, can tell
How to avoid the *Gates of Hell.*
Eye well this *Lamp*, this *Leading Fire*,
'Twill bring you quite out of the *Mire*:
If you go on, and wont beware,
You'l ſurely *Sink*, and Periſh there.

BACKSLIDING.

I have ſinned!

THeſe Offerings of Uncleanneſs Foul
That Glorious IMAGE in my ſoul,
The *Picture* of my LORD, which he
(*Lim'd in his Blood*) once gave to Me!
Theſe Works of Darkneſs do *Benight*
My Inward man, that *walkt in Light.*
But now (alas!) I go aſtray!
'Tis *Dark*: I cannot ſee the WAY!
The Comforts once I had, are gone;
As if the Holy DOVE were Flown.
She loves *White-houſes*; ſtayes not in
A Houſe of Clay, *Defil*'d with Sin:

But

But ſure ſhe Hovers ore my Breſt;
Like Birds that find a *Snake* i' th' *Neſt*.
The DOVE vvill come again, no doubt,
VVhene're the SERPENT is throvvn out.
O LORD, *Reſtore* to me thy Grace!
I hope Thou didſt but *Hide* thy Face.
O JESU! do but *Look on* Me,
Like *Peter* I'le *VVeep bitterlie*!
By thy Bright Face ſhew me my Stain,
Ile pour forth Tears to waſh it clean.
I hope the DAY will come again anon:
The SUN of RIGHTEOUSNES is Set, not Gone.

INCONSTANCY.

1.

AH me! how ſoon my Soul *takes VVing* and Flies
At ev'ry thing ſhe ſpies,
Some *Impreſs* ev'ry Object makes upon
My *Soft* Affection.
Sometimes I Reliſh *Heavenly Manna*, then
I loſe my Taſt, and turn to Huſks agen.

2.

The *Dainties* of this World I'd fain enjoy,
But *Taſted*, ſtraight they *Cloy*.
Sometimes *Good Conſcience* bids me be a Gueſt
At her *Continual Feaſt*:
VVith her I find Content; but ſtraight I'm gone,
Call'd out to Speak with ſome Temptation.

3. Satan

3.

Satan *Bewitches* me: I cannot *Stirre*,
Though I'm *Uneaſie* here.
I know 'tis pleaſant to do well, but ſtill
I covet to do ill.
My Actions are Themſelves the Pain they merit;
My Thoughts are all *Vexation of Spirit*.
O My BELOVED, that my ſoul might be
More Conſtant unto Thee.
O that my Breſt had *Veſtal Flames!* that I
Might love *Continually*:
Lord *open thou mine Eyes*, that I may ſee
Thy Glorious Face, Ile look on nought but Thee.

Peccatum Redivivum:
Or,
The Rebellion of a Conquer'd Luſt.

THis *Sore breaks out agen!* ſhall Death and Hell
Be ſtill in hopes! And ſhall I ne're be well?
Thus ſome at their *Uprißing* Die; ſome may
Like *Judas*, at Chriſt's Table *Fall away*.
O LORD, put forth thy Hand: O GOD, make haſt
To help me, or I ſhall *Fall back* at laſt.
Lo, JESU, how I *bleed afreſh*! Lo, I,
Unleſs Thou Cloſe my wounds, ſhall Faint, and Dye!
My *Senſe* begins to fail: my *Heart* is grown
So Cold (O Lord) as *Ice*, ſo Hard as *Stone*:
Which with a *Coale* from off thine *Altar* Thavv,
And *Unbenumme*, that it may *Feel* thy Lavv;
That by its *Stroakes* I may be vvak't from Sin,
That novv I may be griev'd for vvhat I've bin.

Thus

Thus vvith thy *Phyſick*, Lord, recover me,
That I may have an Appetite to thee,
VVho art the *Bread of life*. O let me ceaſe
To *long for* that vvhich feeds but the Diſeaſe.
Tis onely Thou, my God, canſt make me vvhole!
Tis onely Thou canſt cure my Dying Soul!
Refreſh me (O let me not be deny'd!)
Even vvith that *VVater* vvhich came from thy Side.

A Dialogue between a Carnal Man, and a Penitent Sinner.

1.

COme, leave theſe Melancholly Fits:
They'l put thee quite out of thy Wits.
When thou art Old, thou mayſt have leiſure
To Grieve: now take thy fill of pleaſure.
Let *Bacchus*, and ſweet *Venus* too
With their Freſh Garlands Crown thy *Brow*.
That it may be kept Smooth and Fair,
That Sorrow make no *Wrinkles* there.
In Mirth paſs all this time away:
Come don't make *Winter* of thy *May*.
Now whilſt it is thy Ages *Spring*,
Thou ſhouldſt learn with the *Birds* to *Sing*:
Reſerve thy Tears, and Sighs and Groans,
For Old dim Eyes, and Aking Bones.

2.

My Sadneſs is no Melancholly:
I'm then moſt *Merry*, when leaſt *Jolly*.
My Pleaſure is to Grieve for Sin:
Hence 'tis that I ſo ſoon begin.
Beſides, My friend, we ſeldom ſee
A *Crooked Plant*, prove a *ſtraight Tree*.

Ile

Ile not obey that *Ranting God*,
Which makes men *Stutter*, *Reel*, and *Nod*.
Fond *Venus Bird* (I dread such Love)
Looks like a *Vulture*, not a *Dove*.
If of Her Fire one Spark appear,
Ile Quench it with a Pious Tear.
Now is my Ages Spring I know;
Now is the Time for Grace to *Grow*,
When Age with Pain shall fill my Bones,
And turn my shortned Breath to Groans.
Ile think it but an *Aking Head*,
And straight I shall be call'd to *Bed*.

1. Go, Zelot: *Christian Liberty*
Allows us all to be more *Free*:
The way to Heaven is broader, then
'Tis said to be by *Pulpit-men*.
Those Black Coats are meer *Rocks*, they tell
Strange Stories of the *Devil* and *Hell*,
They, say so many go astray,
'Cause they'd be Hir'd to shew the way:
Those *Big-words* which they throw about,
Are onely fit to Scare the Rout.
I'le Care not what *Precisians* say,
But Swallow all the joyes I may.

2. My Friend, True *Christian Liberty*
Wo'nt make us *Loose*, though't make us *Free*.
VVe are not bound vvith any *Chain*:
VV'are *Girt* for *Ornament*, not *Pain*.
VVe may *VValk*, but we must not *Stray*:
VV'are onely *Bound* to keep our VVay.
The *Liberty*, you boast, is none,
But to *Run* to Destruction.
VVhilst you abhor to be *Precise*,
And *Gallop* in the *Road* of Vice,
You *Laugh*, like *Mad men* in your Pains:
And love the *Clinking* of your *Chains*.

Beware of ſpeaking ill of Thoſe,
VVho *Hidden Manna* do diſcloſe:
Who *Handle* the *Two-Edged Sword*,
Even the ALMIGHTY's Powerful Word;
Which if it *Search* not, to make Sound,
Will give you an Eternal *Wound*.

1. What *Country-parſon* told thee ſo?
VVhy ſpeakſt thou what thou doſt not know?
VVho knowes but when our Bodies Die,
Our Souls *Die* too? therefore will I
The Pleaſures of this VVorld to VVin,
Nere ſtick at that, vvhich Fools call Sin.

2. That is, Thou art Reſolv'd to be
Thine ovvn Soul's *Mortall Enamie*.
What thou callſt *Pleaſure*, is but *Baite*:
Thus thou *lov'ſt Death*, and hug'ſt thy *Fate*.
Thoſe *Comforts*, vvhich in Sin vve find,
At firſt *Embrace*, then *Stab* the Mind.
When Svvarmes of Thoughts buz in thy Brain,
When thy Head's full of Cares and Pain;
When thou lieſt Toſſing on thy Bed,
Then think of Me, and vvhat I've ſaid.

To All those that Name the Name of
CHRIST.

Ah! Love that JESUS, who once Die'd for You:
And, if you Love Him, what He Bids You, *Do.*

Qui Vitam posuit *pro Te, Tu Dilige CHRISTUM:*
DILECTI semper Fac quod, Jussa Tui.

Σταυρωθέντα φίλει ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν, Ω Βροτὲ, ΧΡΙΣΤΟΝ,
Εἰ δὲ φιλῇς, Αὐτὸς πᾶν θ' ἃ Θέλει, Σὺ Θέλε.

O that my wayes were directed to keep thy statutes, *Psl.*119.5.

1.

O That I could *stand firm* at last;
And not be reeling to, and fro!
O that I could My GOD *Hold Fast,*
And never, never *let Him go!*

2.

How often do I *go astray,*
And leave my *Rest,* my wonted Bliss!
Like a *Lost Sheep* in the *High Way,*
Which *Dangerous* and *Barren* is.

3.

I have no Pleasure in my Sin,
And yet I Act it o're and o're!

The

J'me ſtill the ſame that J have bin,
Though fain I would be ſo no more!

4.

J long to *Keep* the Law of GOD,
But ſtill J *Break* it to my Pain!
My *Stomack* ſerves to take that *Food*,
But ſtraight J *caſt* it up again.

5.

My GOD! O take me unto Thee,
With *Fire*-Hot Zeal *Melt* Thou my Heart;
That now I may *New*-*Moulded* bee,
And made *ſound* in my *Better Part*.

6.

LORD, L*ead me* by thy Grace, that I
May never *Wander* from *Thee* more:
Thou art My LIFE, I cannot *Die*:
Thou art My *All*; I can't be *Poor*.

FINIS.